

The Inside OUTLOOK

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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AUGUST 1974
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BRAMPTON, ONT.

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THE INSIDE OUTLOOK

Invictus

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Gail B.
Renee B.
Terry G.

Kon-Tiki

Roxanne B.
Merice B.
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Marcele S.

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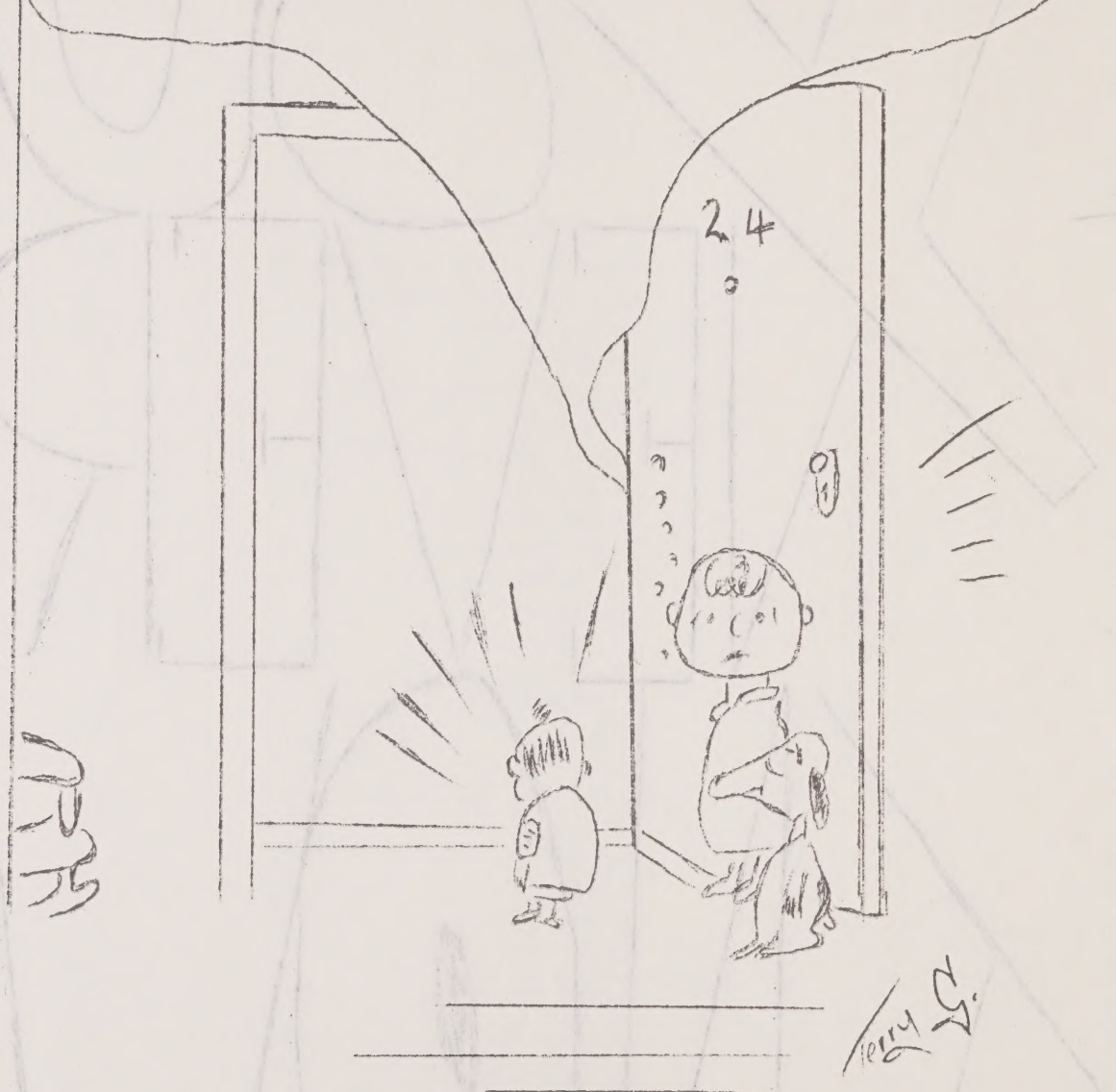
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YOU
NEVER
NO

WHAT LONESOME IS



Vanier Centre-Therapeutic Community:
Fact or fiction?

Since my arrival here at Vanier, some three months ago, I have been impressed by what is happening; however, that which has impressed me the most is, and still remains, the potential for things to happen. By this statement I do not wish to be discounted as an uninformed idealist but rather a realistic and participating observer. The difficulty in making this set-up more than it presently is lies in its present limitations - both individual and collective. By reason of this, the eternal question "why", should be applied - yet, not necessarily to receive a concrete answer. Why are we here? It is so easy to lose sight of this question without realizing what's happening.

Let me express how I feel. The fact that women are sent to Vanier via the courts suggests an understanding or expectedness where Vanier as a centre of custody is concerned. This is neither to suggest that the custodial aspect of Vanier is insignificant nor is it to suggest that by disregarding this aspect will it disappear but rather, by reason of it's awesomeness and the awareness of it by all, should steps then be taken to go beyond it in a progressive manner.

This, then, in my estimation, is where the possible fiction of Vanier as a therapeutic community lies. By using the word community certain things must be present or the word is misused, the primary aspect being responsibility. This is an overworked word, but when carefully examined we may find that it is not worked at all.

As residents, the notion of responsibility is certainly stressed but at times I wonder whether it is done with conception of what responsibility is all about. The concept of rehabilitation, habilitation, rehumanization, or call it what you will, requires responsibility - a resident must want something to happen, if in fact anything will happen. With this in mind, it seems ludicrous to me that "helpers" are forced onto the residents. These "helpers" are not necessarily people, but certainly at times those are present. A freedom of choice and decision must be present or a resident's program will be nothing more than a timetable of events. It is certainly difficult enough for the people who live here, considering things, for the most part, are done for them - perhaps this is unchangeable but it is the responsibility of residents to explore the possibilities for significant change through residents committee meetings. If people feel that choices of chocolate bars are significant then can you imagine the need for real change?

As staff, the notion of responsibility is certainly not as stressed - but should be. As a staff member, I have asked myself seriously, who am I to help anybody? Fortunately, for my sanity, I did not answer this question directly or concretely but rather I hoped and I still hope that any good that is



happening is reflected through word and deed. I am of the opinion that it is just as difficult for staff here as it is for residents and I also feel, that if it isn't, something is wrong or dishonest. We do not live here and in order to compensate for this we must bring something with us. This is not just a skill, whether it be technical or social, or a signature for a pay-check but something which unites us in the same way that a true community is united. This is the difficulty.

The division between staff and residents will always be present and yet I find it encouraging that both have difficulties; in other words, something that is shared. Certain house meetings exhibit a sharing between resident and resident but is that sharing extended into the staff-resident or resident-staff relationship? I wonder. It seems that the difficulties of staff are growing. As the difficulties grow, so does the possibility of their unravelling. Honesty and why and how people can help each other is where I see hope. That one sentence means so much and I am unable to explain in words what can be done. I feel that potential is all around us.

Being just one member of this constantly growing and changing community, my opinion certainly is somewhat limited. But, nevertheless, it will be opinions and convictions which will move us. We are not alone.

I believe it was a character in Margaret Atwood's Surfacing, when questioned about his future, said simply, "I want to be more." With sentiments like those, how could the changes that should and will occur at Vanier be anything but progressive and Vanier as a Therapeutic Community becomes truly factual.

Robert D. Martella

[2]

H O P E !

When I was asked to write an article for our newspaper, so much went through my mind. I hope it does not sound "corny", I hope it does not sound like I am "preaching", I hope this and that. Then the word I was using struck me, HOPE, the thing we all have in common.

How many times do we hear " I hope I get my parole", " I hope I get a visit, a letter, a T.A.P., permission for personal reasons, That I get out before my baby is born" -- so many reasons to "HOPE". All those leaving - " I HOPE I NEVER COME BACK AGAIN".

That is what it is all about, when we see you leave. Our HOPE is that we might see you, or hear that you have " got it all together", living a happy successful life, doing whatever your particular dream is, free, happy, and still with HOPE in your heart.

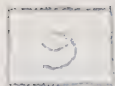
YOUR HAPPINESS is our success!

T. L. Ives

A Special Good-Bye to Joanne Gilmore

I would like to thank Joanne for being with us on Invictus. I know we all will surely miss you. She has a wonderful smile and is always in a good joking mood. Joanne has been working here for two years and I sure hope she will come back someday and work on Invictus as all of the staff here found Joanne a wonderful person to work with on different shifts with them.

Good-Bye Joanne
We will all remember you
and the good times we've had
Linda Babcock



A Dedication To Millie M.

Please Don't Quit

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
And the world seems to crumble under your feet.
When the road you are trudging seems all uphill,
But with help I feel you can make it and not defeat.

When your friends are low
And your debts are high
And often you try to smile and glow
But you look around and you sigh.

When cares are pressing you down a bit
And tries to burden you down with cares
You rest if you must but don't ever quit
Your life must go on but not as a dare.

Life is queer with its twists and turns
As you may often have learned,
And many a failure has turned you about.
When you might have won had you stuck it out.

Don't give up though the pace seems slow
Because life is fast, fast, fast,
And you may succeed if you give life another blow
And stick to the promise you make so it will last.

Success is failure turned inside out
And you never can tell just how close you are
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
It may be near when it seems so far.

So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
And don't give up no matter what may come
It's when things seem worst that you must not quit
Until you're home again and have paid your sum.

Keep Your Chin Up
Your Friend
Anita S.

[10]

"white petals on a wet bough
faces in the metro"...

As I walked up the road away from Vanier, images of faces flooded my mind. Unlike the faces in Ezra Pound's small poem, the faces were not those of strangers, but those of persons I had come to respect and care for. The rainy day suited my mood. I felt a sense of loss like a door closing on a world I was just beginning to know.

My first visit to Vanier had inspired no sense of appreciation! I hated the locked doors and the multitudinous rules. The threat to my freedom left me hostile. A week later I was introduced to Kon Tiki. I watched like an outsider at the house meetings, trying to grasp the dynamics. I wrestled with the philosophy of the system, and wondered just what it was that a chaplain was supposed to do. I felt the tensions and struggles. I bumbled through a couple of Sunday services.

Then at one point something significant began to happen: I started to know you -- staff and residents. I asked to see residents in the chaplain's office. There I saw richness and broken-ness-like my own. With some of you I became aware of a new depth of experience. Sometimes you showed me your despair and anguish, and for days the awful emptiness of life clung to me. Sometimes you showed me your warmth and loving-ness, and I rejoiced.

I wish I had more time to spend with you. I would like to have spent more informal moments with you, talking about your hopes and struggles. I would like to have been more myself to you. But then, so often our experiences are, in one respect at least, like those of the poem--fleeting moments in a subway. Brief manifestations of the Word.

Nancy Hawn, C.N.D.



Bewick's Wren

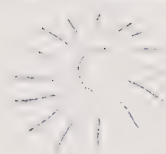
Wrens are small restless brownish birds with narrow rounded tails that are cocked upwards. They feed mainly on insects. Wrens have loud songs and dry scolding rattles. Bewick's wrens are common and widespread in southwestern United States; uncommon and local in the Appalachians, and are also found in the coastal area around Vancouver.

from Birds of North America
A Guide to Field Identification
Austin, Singer, Zink, Bruhn



S

This is Judi
leaving good bay
to her house



N



There she is
sitting
down, and
having a cold
Drink

Did you get a nice
vacation, this is Judi
in the Beach,

From Terry G.

12



Stargazing
Oriental
Style



1974

Terry G.

LOOK FOR YOUR ORIENTAL ASTROLOGY

<u>RAT</u>	<u>OX</u>	<u>TIGER</u>	<u>RABBIT</u>
1900	1901	1902	1903
1912	1913	1914	1915
1924	1925	1926	1927
1936	1937	1938	1939
1948	1949	1950	1951
1960	1961	1962	1963
1972	1973	1974	1975
1984	1985	1986	1987
1996	1997	1998	1999
<u>DRAGON</u>	<u>SNAKE</u>	<u>HORSE</u>	<u>SHEEP</u>
1904	1905	1906	1907
1916	1917	1918	1919
1928	1929	1930	1931
1940	1941	1942	1943
1952	1953	1954	1955
1964	1965	1966	1967
1976	1977	1978	1979
1988	1989	1990	1991
2000	2001	2002	2003
<u>MONKEY</u>	<u>ROOSTER</u>	<u>DOG</u>	<u>BOAR</u>
1908	1909	1910	1911
1920	1921	1922	1923
1932	1933	1934	1935
1944	1945	1946	1947
1956	1957	1958	1959
1968	1969	1970	1971
1980	1981	1982	1983
1992	1993	1994	1995
2004	2005	2006	2007

Scorpio, Capricorn, Gemini. It's fun to play the astrological game. Most people, even indecisive Librans, know their personal astrological sun signs. But let's throw a new twist into the fascinating study of the stars by turning the signs to eastern astrology.

Like the western chart, the oriental horoscope is based on a system of twelve signs. However, the oriental cycle shifts yearly instead of monthly. The year of birth is said to be the key to an individual's personality. A baby born in 1974 will show the characteristics of a tiger, independent and courageous.

So take a look and surprise your friends as you discover something new or something hidden about yourself.

cont. next page

RAT:

Possessing great charm and social grace, you find yourself welcome at dinner parties and any friendly gathering, you are intuitive, perhaps even psychic, and show a distinct creative flair in your life. In short, you dare to be different. You must overcome your tendency toward jealousy. You should marry a dragon, monkey or ox. Never a horse, snake.

OX:

Yours is not a flashy or loud lifestyle. You prefer quiet places and quiet activities, more at home with your books than a motorcycle. You are hardworking and patient with leads to success in life. Taciturn at times, you have a gentle quality which makes you an enjoyable companion. You should marry a snake, rat or rooster. Never a dragon, sheep, horse or dog.

TIGER:

Sensitive and perceptive to the needs of your loved ones, you are a good friend and have a strong shoulder to lean on. You enjoy philosophy and intellectual pursuits. You have a fine independent spirit and your courage is beyond question. Those born in the Year of the Tiger are extremely lucky. Fight in inclination you may have to become selfish or suspicious. You should marry a rat, ox or sheep. Never a snake or monkey.

RABBIT:

Ambitious and talented, you are also conservative and take an unhurried attitude toward decision making. You are for having taste and possess great charm. You appear aloof sometimes because you are shy.

You are also prone toward melancholy. You should marry a sheep, dog or boar. Never a rat or rooster.

DRAGON:

Energy is the key word in your mode of living. Leadership and responsibility come naturally and effortlessly to you since you are brave and inspire others. People look toward you for leadership, whether it be heading the PTA or taking the lead in political affairs. You are not only self-confident but also short tempered and stubborn. You should marry a rat, snake, monkey or rooster. Never an ox, rabbit or dog.

SNAKE:

You are physically attractive to those of the opposite sex and you use this knowledge to your advantage. You may become vain and conceited if you do not exercise caution. You enjoy contemplation and are extremely astute in making difficult decisions.

You are passionate in love and lucky in money. Friends turn to you in times of trouble because of sympathetic nature. You should marry an ox or rooster. Never a horse, rabbit or rat.

HORSE:

Popular and cheerful, you make a good friend and a welcome addition to any festive occasion. You are financially adept and fearlessly independent, paying little heed to the advice of others. You are also flamboyant in dress and love to talk. You should marry a tiger, dog or sheep. Never an ox, rabbit or rat.

SHEEP:

You are artistic and charitable towards all. You shirk the spotlight, choosing to stay in the background. You have an innate sense of dignity and elegance in life. You might even be a patron of the arts. You are intelligent and passionate in love. Free yourself from the tendency toward pessimism. You should marry a rabbit, boar or horse. Never a rat, ox or dog.

MONKEY:

You are inventive and extremely skillful. Cleverness is your stock of trade. You are strong willed but lack perseverance and consequently become discouraged easily. A good manager and organizer, your intelligence and common sense mark all business decisions you make. You should marry a dragon, or rat. Never a snake, boar or tiger.

ROOSTER:

Enthusiastic in all you do, you occasionally find yourself bewildered by a multitude of tasks brought on by too much ambition. You are devoted and meditative, often appearing eccentric to those who might not know you well. Yet you show great courage when emergencies arise. Overcome your tendency toward selfishness. You should marry an ox, snake or dragon. Never a rat, dog or rabbit.

DOG:

Your loyalty and sincerity combine to make you a true friend to others. You are emotionally cool under pressure, a good person to turn to in times of distress. You should marry a horse, rabbit or tiger. Never a rooster, dragon or sheep.

BOAR:

Dedication and quiet courage are your trademark in life. Your integrity is above question and you win the favorable regard of all. Strong-willed, single-minded purposefulness runs through your life. You are emotionally stable, however you sometimes act on impulse. You are also courteous, even gallant. You love learning and studying. You should marry a rat, rabbit or sheep. Never a monkey or snake.

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By Sandra

OPPORTUNITIES ARE GIVEN
THROUGH STONEHEDGE PLAN

"We give them an opportunity to straighten themselves out", was the way Director Lionel Bellman described the function of Stonehedge, a residential drug addiction treatment centre located on a rambling 100-acre farm just north of Guelph.

In existence for the last four years Stonehedge is affiliated with the community Psychiatric Hospital in Guelph and is funded chiefly from the non-medical use of drugs directorate through the Department of Health and Welfare.

Originally aimed at providing help to speed or heroin users particularly, Mr. Bellman says the centre now will take in other addicts as well.

The farm, rented from a Guelph physician, can handle a maximum of 12 residents. A staff of six young people, all trained and educated in psychological sciences, is backed up by a team of local psychiatrists and social workers.

Mr. Bellman says some chemo-therapy is used when necessary, but the staff of Stonehedge relies as much as possible on therapy in the form of crafts, gardening and group talk sessions for the residents.

The purpose is to install some motivation in the residents to either get a job or return to school and back into the mainstream of society.

The residents are kept active in a full schedule each day, though free time is provided for sheer recreational activities as well.

There is no set limit on how long a resident can stay but staff members estimate that six months is the average length.

Mr. Bellman says the centre has a successful rate of between 70 and 80%. Currently, staff members are working on a four-year follow up survey on previous residents of the centre.

Initially on being accepted for treatment at the centre, a resident is kept in isolation for 10 weeks, when he is not allowed to communicate by telephone or leave the centre at all. Gradually, more privileges are made available to him as he progresses in treatment.

All potential candidates for the Stonehedge program are screened through an interview process. Prospective residents may be referred by self or other agencies.

The farm is a communal setting with staff members and residents alike sharing the living duties necessary.

The residents and staff produce as much good as they can on the farm itself to cut expenses.

Submitted by

Bert Peterson

Our Library

It is a year since a librarian wrote about the library for the Inside-Outlook. So there, one year after I first began working here, are my ideas on what a library should be.

When you walk into our library you see a fairly smallish reading room, full of books. There is also a full magazine rack, and a few records. Also a card catalogue so you can find your way around the whole thing. When we took the stock count in June, there were 4,301 books.

Quite a few, if you tried to read all 4,301. But nobody's going to. The person who reads westerns may not be into witchcraft, and maybe neither one will be interested in reading Reality Therapy. In fact the staff and residents here have the same broad range of interests and abilities that the people outside do. So four thousand plus books isn't enough answer everyone's needs. A library is just a starting point. When you really get into a subject the library must stop being just a finite room full of books and become an avenue to other libraries, and other sources of information. The form of the information also has to take different shapes. Sometimes it is more practical to phone a company, and write down their specialized information and pass it on, rather than hand you a book. Sometimes it's better to get free pamphlets for you, that you can keep for future reference. If the information is in the book in another library and can't be borrowed, it is often practical to photocopy what you need.

Our library is a real opening to the information that's available both here and outside - not because it's in Vanier, but because that is what any good library, inside or outside can do for you.

S. Lehnert
Librarian.

Selections from THE CASTLE by Franz Kafka

"So it came about that while a light and frivolous bearing, a certain deliberate carelessness, was sufficient when one came in direct contact with the authorities, one needed in everything else the greatest caution and had to look around on every side before one made a single step."

"You always call my case one of the smallest, and yet it has given hosts of officials a great deal of trouble, and if, perhaps, it was unimportant at the start, yet through the diligence of officials ... it has grown into a great affair. Very much against my will, unfortunately, for my ambition doesn't run to seeing columns of documents, all about me, rising and crashing together, but to working quietly at my drawing-board ..."

submitted by Susan B.

Idiot's Song

Give me peace from you
 allow me to go on
 and be what I was before you
 if there was ever that time
 But talk to me - talk to me
 or die soon before I do
 I'll come where your body is
 though it answers me nothing
 But don't die?
 stay with me in the same world
 or I'm lost and desolate
 for here the light and dark
 that touches you touches me
 that you are here at all
 delays my own death
 an instant longer.

By a Poet
 Al Pac

The Lion

Angrily the lion sped through the jungle
 With all the grace in the world
 With all the strength of more than ten men
 And all the fury of a raging storm.

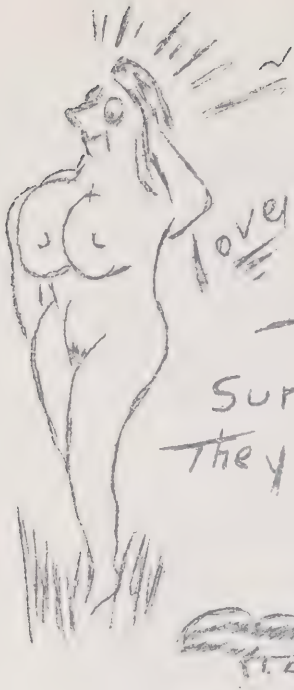
You, like the lion speed angrily through life
 With a very graceful manner about you
 With the strength of an ox
 With the fury of a fire.

Golden is his mane shining in the sun
 Sleek and slender is his body
 Resting by the river
 Soft and gold-like are his eyes.

Golden is your hair, even without the sun
 Sleek and slender is your body
 Resting quietly at night
 Love filled, yet anger filled are your golden eyes

Yes, the lion is a very mysterious animal
 One moment he's passive and quiet
 Yet the next he's tearing someone apart
 And dies a sudden and violent death.

You, my brother, are mysterious also.
 One minute you're gay and laughing
 The next you're anger filled and brawling
 You, my brother, are my lion.



There was a young lady From
 The Vanier, who saw what she
 Though was a kitty. To make
 Sure of that, she gave it a pat.
 They buried her clothes,
 + what a pity.

Terry G.

STRANGERS

Strangers are People you meet in jail.
 Who work together to pass their time away.
 Then one leaves to join the community,
 and the others stay behind.
 We are all Strangers in the Beginning;
 But Friends when we leave.

M. Storey
 Kontiki

TO SOMEONE SPECIAL--THANKS

It was a day, for tears and depression
 But 'twas good, for I learnt a lesson,
 It was a day, I felt terribly sad,
 But 'twas good, for I found something I hadn't had.

It was a day, my heart did ache,
 But 'twas good, for learning of my mistake,
 It was a day, my head hung low,
 But 'twas good, for myself had begun to show.

It was a day, for my tomorrow to start,
 But 'tis good, for yesterday to be in my heart

But 'twas good that day,
 But 'tis better tomorrow, to forget yesterday's sorrow.

Linda De L

The wind is whispering through the trees,
 Coming through with a gentle breeze.
 Everything looks so bright
 And the birds are chirping with delight.
 It brings sweet music to your ears,
 And to your eyes, a few lost tears.

R. D. E.

As I sit in my room and look out into the night,
 Everything seems wrong, and nothing right.
 But when dawn comes, and the sun gradually breaks through
 I am anxious to find something to do.

If it rains, or if it shines,
 I seem to have a troubled mind.
 But then again, I think back
 To my childhood days and what I lacked,
 Someone to love and someone to care,
 With all my problems to help to share.

Now I have found a helping hand
 To guide me through mysterious lands
 Then when day turns to night,
 There will be no more darkness but sudden light.

R. D. E.

Lover's Prayer

Bless my girlfriend's hands and face
 Bless her lips which I embrace
 Bless her eyes which are so bright
 And let them always see the light
 Bless her hair which brings me joy
 And keep her safe from other boys
 I hope I'll always hear you say
 I love you Jerry will always heart
 Then I know we'll never part.

Written by Jerry A.
 submitted by Gail B.

Lovers Listen

When we come home
 We'll lay and sleep
 Only stirring
 You find each others lips
 Lovers listen each to each.

V.C.B.

A Gift

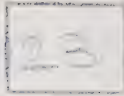
I gave not any treasure, or a kingdom
 of gold,
 Yet you speak of a gift, in which I
 do hold.
 You say that this gift should bring
 me delight,
 Then why my friend can't I see this
 in sight?

Linda D.

A Sadness

If this world be the whole fruit of our labour, we
 say; if the generations of mankind suffered and laid
 down their lives; if prophets and martyrs sang in the
 fire, and all sacred tears were shed for no other end;
 then that a race of creatures of such unexampled in-
 siduity should succeed to protect enmasse their con-
 tended and inoffensive lives. Why, at such a rate,
 better lose than win the battle, or at all events
 better ring down the curtain before the last act of
 the play, so that a business that began so importantly,
 may be saved from so singularly flat a wind-up.

June C.



From the Residents Meeting - July 29th

Residents should be aware that they can put in to go over and talk with the nurse, even though they may not have a specific medical problem. There has been a communication problem surrounding the medical area, but the nurses are willing to discuss concerns with individual residents. Also, cottages may invite nurses to house meetings. There is supposed to be a nurse assigned to each cottage.

A presentation had been prepared by Kon-Tiki concerning the medical area, with specific problems and suggestions written out. The Administration stated that the Resident Meeting was not the place to discuss these issues, and suggested that issues should first be brought up on the cottage level, so the presentation was not made. If further difficulties arise in this area that cannot be worked out on an individual basis or on the cottage level, they should then be brought up at a residents meeting.

Letters written to lawyers can be sealed by residents. Residents should be aware of this right to confidentiality.

Susan B., newspaper Rep

If finding love

is like finding a shining penny,

then love was there

only for us to see!

I guess you could say

in just one way -

without you and me

.... love just would not be.

Submitted by

Claudette M.

Resident's Meeting (August 12)

Faced with the prospect of writing an article covering the Resident's meeting, I surveyed my notes, searching for items of major interest and importance concerning our lives at Vanier. Blankness descended. None of the trivia brought up really reflected the frustrations and problems we encounter during our stay here. I realize that change comes slowly, and that minor details are elevated to matters of major concern while in jail because we are living without so much. But changing the brands of candy bars available on canteen, or getting a curling iron, will now more efficiently mask the depressing aspects of our situation than does the present accessibility to hot coffee at all hours. The addition of a tennis court to the complex might encourage some people to athletic involvement, but seems to me to be far down the list of priorities of things that should be changed here. I am hoping that this meeting is not the pattern of the meetings to come. Perhaps the reps. present were not prepared to bring forth anything challenging; however they are representing us, not thinking for us, and if most meetings are as dull as this one was it can only be laid to the general apathy of all the residents. I realize that in a situation where you often have little say about what happens to you it is easy to sink into feeling that it is all futile anyway. Recently, two hard working reps. laboured long to prepare a presentation to the meeting concerning the complex attitudes and problems surrounding the Medical Area. When the topic was brought up in residents meeting, Mr. Doyle suggested that the subject should not be discussed there, but rather be brought up on the individual or cottage level. It seems to me that the Medical Area which serves the whole complex, is an appropriate topic for discussion at a complex-wide meeting. It is indeed possible that resident reps. do not bring up matters of real concern because these may be not be dealt with adequately anyway. These comments are based on attendance at only a few meetings, and may not be accurate reflections of the over-all tone of residents meetings, but I feel there is a need to look at what is presently happening, or rather not happening.

Susan B.
Newspaper rep.

For My Best Friend

to and give reciprocal...

To love and give reciprocally,
 Accepting 'now' so totally,
 That past and future matter not
 No expectations, nor a plot.
 For moment to be all and end
 So filled with feelings, no pretend,
 To see with vision fresh and clear,
 To know a time not forged by fear,
 To be, accept, not question why,
 To share this pure, unburdened try -
 Is surely close as we could be
 To total peace of heart, to free.

Gale C-J

And/or

The government gave Madame Clay
 Terrific headaches by the way
 It made her fill out numerous days...
 Without a single word of praise
 It even threatened stern and grim
 To fine and/or imprisonment within
 If she omitted to compile
 The schedules which it loved to file.

Madame Clay looked around, saw it was worse,
 And even harder on the purse
 In England, Finland, Japan, Siam
 The Argentine and parts of Guam
 So in a short while off she will go
 To turn into an Eskimo,
 Far in the North where cross officials
 Will shriek in vain for her initials
 And where she will ignore their wishes
 And live on ice and little fishes.

June C.

A Thank You To the Kitchen

I would like to say thanks to the Kitchen Staff for
 the great improvement on the meals within the last week
 or so.

Thank You,
 Gail B.



TIME GOES BY

Tic, toc, goes the clock,
Minutes come,
Minutes go,
Time is too precious to throw away.

One day you're laughing
The next you're in tears
Time goes on
In your solitude and fears.

Please bother, stop and look
See that you're not throwing time away.
It is too precious to waste.
It comes and goes, never to be seen again.

Renee B.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

As the day comes to an end
The sky lights up
Red, yellow, grey and orange
Trees, silhouetted against this fiery scene.

As the dark hours close upon me
I stop and look at this beautiful sight
Reflecting on the day's happenings
And what my purpose is.

As the minutes rush by
The beauty of this sight intensifies
I stand here alone
And wonder, why must it come to an end.

Renee B.

Libre De Complejas

(Free of Repressions)

All of us have occasions of enjoyment,
 of solace, and of thought.
 But we live withdrawn from the stimuli
 for fear of struggles.
 When it is they that create those emotions
 Which feed the soul and embellish our body,
 There are no treatments capable of giving
 luster to our eyes, color to our skin,
 If the soul lives in the shadow of its own
 Jail, supplicant!
 What was its crime? If not just to ask
 you that it might act;
 Its only objective was to love all that of which
 it was capable.
 And there in the corner it agonizes for your own
 cowardice Yes
 The moment of truth arrived: you don't love
 Yourself, you harm yourself.
 And in that way you pretend to live with
 those who at your sight turn
 Blank, dry, and even cruel, because by not
 valuing yourself . . .
 You neglect them and they become enemies . . .
 Nobody loved me! That you say in order to
 know how to love.
 You do not want to open the cell in
 which your heart is found.
 To lift the blindfold from your eyes so
 that you might view this marvelous world.
 Where arms open to your affection:
 unite with them.
 Don't fear the passion that follows its
 path to renew you.
 Nor accept the excuse that - what will
 they say? - they will then begrudge you.
 You have to be happy, make note that
 time is treasonous.
 Do you understand me? Now, you have
 to begin to live free of repression.

Blanca Queral
 submitted by Anita S.

A JOB'S A JOB, RIGHT!

Eight hours a day. A pay cheque at the end.
Put in your hours, pick up your pay.
Stay out of trouble, don't disagree.
Be a yes person, smile and agree
Don't get involved.
At the end of your shift, close the door and forget.
A job's a job, Right!

How wrong can you be!
Can you run like a clock?
Can you close your mind?
Can you forget?
This job is too heavy; it involves us all.
No shutting of doors and walking away,
You worry and ponder the events of the day.
You're frustrated and angry and sometimes depressed.
You take verbal abuse until your ears are stinging.
You hear lies and you're conned many times a day.
You wonder is it worth it
A job's a job.... okay.

Just when you're ready to throw in the towel
Someone makes it. Someone tried.
They don't think you're a fool.
They made it out there.
They know that you care.
Care about them. Concerned is the word.
A job's a job, haven't you heard.
Who cares they say, no one gives a damn.
Not true, I shout as loud as I can.
You're worth it, we know it.
A job's a job - but not here.

Anonymous

Book Review - ON AGGRESSION, by Konrad Lorenz

Lorenz studies the causes and types of aggressive behaviour, drawing from his own observations of animal behavior, and relates this to the experience of the human animal in the modern world. Aggression has an important value in terms of survival of a species. Overcrowding of populations of animal species which would lead to famine is compensated for by aggression. An attitude of repulsion against animals of the same species ensures that each animal has enough territory for self-support. Aggression has certain limits which are necessary to ensure propagation of the species. Ritualized actions (called 'good manners') are submissive gestures which, when understood, serve to inhibit aggressive impulses. Problems arise when members of different cultures fail to understand the differing rituals and gestures of other cultures. Man is not, by nature, heavily armed, unlike wolves who have evolved, along with fangs and claws, strong inhibitions which prevent them, except in some extreme circumstances, from killing each other. Man developed artificial weapons, without a corresponding strong cultural inhibition against killing other members of the species. Biologically, species adapt and evolve according to what works best for survival. The necessity facing humans now is to extend protective feelings beyond the immediate family - friend group to include the whole human race, and rechannel the feelings of aggression to substitute objects. Lorenz notes that the space program is an example of how aggressive feelings can be satisfied by participation in space exploration, and concludes on a note of hopefulness.

Susan B.

Song

I often sit and listen
To records we once played
But the song seems sadder now
Since the day you went away.

The songs that were once happy
Seem like tunes of misery
I hope that tomorrow
Will play a better song for me.

My days are getting shorter
My time is running out
Oh, I'll be so glad when
My freedom song I can shout.

Anita S.

To Mr. Doyle

Bless you for being yourself.
You are unique.
Your friends know it
And you know it.
You are yourself and the way
You express your individuality is what
makes you special.
You have a distinct way of going
about things that says you believe in yourself.
And that helps others to believe in
You and themselves.
For this, God bless you...
 Today
 And all the days of your life.

Anita S.

5th Grader 1974

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